

better pinch yourself by opinionhaver69

Series: [head over heels](#) [2]

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Summary:

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Those were the things he dreamt of, on the nights he slept alone. Every time, he'd wake up hard, grinding against the mattress, chasing an elusive, irresistible high that always ebbed away with the remnants of sleep.

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Author's Note:

literally just a porny coda to the first part; i'd recommend reading that first for any vague semblance of plot but it's by no means necessary!

Steve never could quite get rid of that initial curl of jealousy, low in his stomach, whenever he saw Nancy and Jonathan together without him.

It wasn't - it wasn't a big thing, really, just a quick roiling flash of unease at how well they fit together, just the two of them, and it was always rapidly subsumed by other, stronger feelings: awe, fondness, lust. Nor did it happen often; the commitments of senior year aside, its end rapidly approaching, it was unusual for one of them to be busy while the other two were free, and - still in the early months of their relationship, new joys and discoveries unfurling all the time like petals on a newly blossoming flower - they were rarely out of each other's company anyway.

Still, Steve had mixed feelings about it, when it did happen. He knew that it wasn't especially healthy - he knew, rationally, that they were all in it together, that he was an integral part of the whole; that, in fact, the fragile thing they were building would certainly crumble completely if any one of them were to withdraw from it - but the fact remained that he had never truly had insecurities before, never mind the insecurities that arise as a result of spending all of your time around people who undeniably have infinitely more developed moral compasses than you do, and so he hadn't until recently had cause to develop the mental hardware necessary to deal with them.

And yet. He couldn't deny, at the same time, that as much as the jealousy could be unpleasant, there was an edge to it, a dark little ebb and flow that shot down through his belly and went straight to his cock. It just *did* something to him, on the occasions that he would walk in and find them together, lazily making out or even just talking with their faces tipped together in the way they did, the way that shut out everyone else, focused intimately on each other and totally,

utterly oblivious to his presence until he did something to announce himself. Sometimes, he wished he could just stand aside, watching and not participating, just to see how far they'd go without him, but his willpower never held out for long enough, and invariably, he found himself drawn to them, heat pooling in his chest like a wave pulled inexorably back from the shore, wanting only to touch them and be touched in turn.

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When it did happen, finally, it was entirely unexpected.

After the first time, it had become normal for them all to stay over at Steve's on Saturday nights, normal for Nancy and Jonathan - typically early risers - to wake first and let Steve sleep in. Usually, they'd go downstairs, huddle together on the sofa beneath a blanket and watch whatever was on TV in the early morning; Steve had long grown accustomed to the feeling of going to sleep surrounded by the warmth of other people only to wake up amid cold, empty sheets.

Which was why, when he stirred very early one Sunday morning and felt the brush of limbs against his own, he buried his head deeper into his pillow, sleepily figuring it was still much too soon to even contemplate waking up. That drowsy thought lasted until he heard a soft gasp only inches away from his right ear and felt the mattress begin to rock rhythmically beneath him - quiet and gentle but still, undoubtedly, in motion - and realised, wakefulness returning to him in one sudden rush of adrenaline, exactly what it was that had caused him to stir.

For a minute, he lay still, his eyes squeezed tightly shut, attempting to keep his breathing as natural as possible while he listened keenly for the smallest noise that would give away just what Nancy and

Jonathan were doing - but they were so *quiet*, every movement so stilted and hushed, the only thing he could focus on was the fact that clearly he wasn't intended, wasn't *meant* to hear this.

Jealousy, at once jarring and predictable, bubbled up from the pit of his stomach. He was, without a single doubt, harder than he'd ever been in his life.

Imperceptibly, Steve shifted his hips, pushing his erection into the bed with the vain hope of relieving the pressure. He heard a low, cut-off groan in the darkness, deep enough that it could only have been Jonathan; at once envious and impossibly turned on, he forced himself to lie still, both to prolong the illusion of his slumber and - with a dark twist of arousal shuddering through his veins - to deny himself the pleasure that Jonathan and Nancy, within arm's reach, were certainly finding in each other.

He heard another moan, this time Nancy's, and felt her leg shift against his, her smooth thigh just tantalisingly out of reach. Slowly, he opened his eyes the barest amount, eyelashes brushing against his cheekbones, still feigning sleep as he waited for his eyes to adjust to the darkness.

What he saw made his dick twitch almost painfully, hard and helpless in between his stomach and the mattress. Nancy was naked, the loose shirt and shorts she usually wore to bed discarded somewhere out of sight; she lay on her back, her knees bent and her legs spread as wide as she could allow them to be without pressing them fully against Steve, her hands fisted tight and uncompromising in Jonathan's hair as he buried his head between her legs and thoroughly, methodically, took her to pieces.

It was torture to watch while remaining determinedly still and silent. Nancy's entire body was trembling, but she held herself still, taut like a drawn bow, her breasts round and full in the dim light cast by the moon and stars. She barely seemed to be breathing, her mouth open but no sound escaping. The only real movement was in her fingers, clenching and unclenching repeatedly in Jonathan's hair, and Steve could just about discern from Nancy's very particular reactions exactly what Jonathan was doing with his tongue to elicit them.

It felt like it went on for hours, although realistically it couldn't have been much more than ten minutes. Steve watched, breathless and dizzy with it, as Jonathan pulled back, his heavy-lidded eyes gleaming, and slid two - no, *three* - fingers into Nancy with no warning; watched as her back arched even further, her leg jerking reflexively outwards in such a way that she would undoubtedly have kicked Steve if she hadn't caught herself in the last possible second.

For a while longer, the only noise in the room was the smooth, wet sound of Jonathan's fingers as he slid them inside and out, slow but decisive. Steve felt like he was losing his mind, his arousal heightened by the fact he couldn't see in between Nancy's thighs to where Jonathan was stretching her open, forced to rely merely on the audio to supplement the images in his mind. After a long, drawn-out minute, Jonathan lowered his head again, adding his mouth to the ministrations of his fingers and pushing a strangled, high-pitched noise out of Nancy's throat.

Steve knew her tells like the back of his own hand, could see that it wouldn't be long until she was done. His dick throbbed uselessly as he watched her pull one of her hands away from Jonathan's head and raise it almost unconsciously to her right breast, cupping it gently until Jonathan's free hand came up and knocked hers out of the way, squeezing her nipple tight between two fingers.

That was it: Nancy bucked up, once, hard, both of her hands returning to Jonathan's head and pushing down as her hips rolled and she came, long and nearly uncontrolled, nearly silent. Her body shook; Steve felt the tremors through the mattress and inhaled a deep, measured breath, focusing hard on keeping his hands exactly where they were as Nancy, wild, unravelled beside him.

Eventually, she collapsed back against the bed, and Steve let himself breathe out, his heart pounding. His head was swimming, his dick so hard that he felt on the edge of coming already, completely untouched. Maybe even *because* he'd been completely untouched, he thought hazily.

It wasn't over, though. Through the fog in his head he watched as Jonathan pushed himself up. He was naked too, a long expanse of smooth skin pulled taut over the flat, shifting planes of his torso, one

hand wrapped loosely around his erection. He flicked his tangled hair back with the other hand, casually sitting back on his heels even as he began to jack himself off, slow and steady. Steve's mouth watered with the desire to swallow him down, to feel Jonathan hot and hard on his tongue, pulsing down his throat.

It was clear what was about to happen. Jonathan twisted half-off the bed, rooting around on the floor; when he resurfaced, he looked quietly triumphant, a small square of shiny foil held tight between two fingers, like an offering. Nancy smiled, her chest still rising and falling heavily as she came down from her orgasm, then reached out and plucked it from his hand, tearing the wrapper open and then pushing herself up to roll it steadily down the length of Jonathan's cock. He held himself very still while she did it, both of them - and Steve - looking intently down at her hands.

When it was fully in place, Nancy lay back, her legs again opening to accommodate him. Jonathan followed, every movement quiet and cautious until he was poised at her entrance, one hand still around the base of his erection as he rolled his hips down and pushed, slowly but firmly, inside.

It was all Steve could manage to not come right there and then, along with the first perfect, uninterrupted slide of Jonathan's dick. He knew how wet Nancy would be immediately after coming, how she'd feel around him, pulling him all the way in; he felt it almost like he was inside her instead of Jonathan, or, even better, like he had a telepathic link somehow to everything Jonathan was feeling, his balls drawing up tight as he fought not to come, unprompted, all over the sheets.

Even after the first thrust, Jonathan was slow, his pace agonisingly, tantalisingly careful. Dimly, Steve realised that it was so the bed wouldn't rock unduly, waking him up, and he was sliding a hand down the bed to palm at his erection before he could even think to hold himself back. Neither Jonathan nor Nancy, though, absorbed in their own actions, appeared to notice.

The crawling pace seemed to be affecting Nancy and Jonathan just as much as it was affecting Steve; Jonathan's shoulders had started to shake with the effort of holding himself so still, and Nancy's hips

were canting almost involuntarily upwards, tiny circular motions repeating over and over and over with scarcely repressed, increasingly desperate need. Steve let them continue for another minute, maybe two, the stillness between the three of them so pervasive that even time itself seemed to slow down until every breath was like trying to breathe underwater, and then, abruptly, he snapped, shifting decisively in a way that couldn't possibly leave any doubt as to whether or not he was awake. Pushing himself up on one shoulder he opened his eyes properly, let his gaze rest heavily on Nancy and Jonathan, and, wordlessly, raised his eyebrows.

There was a moment of perfect silence.

Then, a lazy drawl: "Don't stop on my account."

Nancy gasped as Jonathan's patience, which up until that moment had, admirably, held, finally gave out. Dropping his full weight down onto her, he started fucking her in earnest, her arms snaking around his broad shoulders and her hands splaying out to score deep red lines down the long length of his back. They were no longer silent; Jonathan let out a loud, muffled grunt as Nancy's hands reached his hips and she pulled him harder, faster into her, crying out as he hit the deepest, most sensitive spots inside her.

Steve's patience, too, had frayed past the point of endurance. Finally able to move, he rolled closer, his eyes unmoving from the place where Jonathan and Nancy were joined. He wrapped his left hand tight around his cock, jacking it with tight, controlled movements, as he slid the other one down Nancy's soft abdomen and then further, dipping into her wetness, making her writhe helplessly as Jonathan pumped relentlessly in and out between Steve's fingers and started to come with a hoarse shout.

Steve kept his fingers where they were, moving them in tight circles until Nancy was shaking apart for the second time, then fell back against the pillow, his other hand a blur until he finally, *finally* let himself come too. It was so strong as to be almost unbearable, his whole body shaking with it for a full minute, his heart beating a frantic rhythm in his chest and his dick, barely softening against his belly, pulsing with irrepressible aftershocks.

Exhausted, they lay together as their breath started to even out, then Jonathan rolled over again, one large palm curling heavy around Steve's jaw as he leaned over and kissed him deeply on the mouth, once and then again, his appreciation heartfelt and wordless. Nancy wriggled up to rest her head on his shoulder, one of her hands finding his and squeezing tightly.

They rested until the sweat had cooled, leaving the unmistakeable smell of sex lying heavy in the humid air. Eventually, Steve felt Nancy shift in his arms, her fingers stroking gently over the curve of his ribcage.

"Does it bother you, that we did that?" It was nearly light outside, the sun not up yet but grayish light beginning to penetrate through the thin curtains. Nancy's voice was tired but there was a glimmer of real concern in her eyes as she looked up at Steve.

Steve shrugged carelessly, absentmindedly craving a post-coital cigarette but too sleepy to do anything about it. "No. Not really."

Jonathan smiled, a lazy curl of his lips mere inches away from Steve's own, and Steve felt the slow stirrings of desire beginning to spark again in his chest, though he was undeniably far too tired to act on them.

"We just - we woke up, you know, and one thing led to another, and we didn't really want to wake you-"

"Nancy, it's fine." Steve interrupted her, his eyes still on Jonathan's mouth. "It was hot, the end. I don't mind if you do it again." He was a little surprised, as the words left his mouth, to realise just how fully he meant them.

"Okay. Good." Nancy lapsed into dreamy silence, still tracing a line up his sternum. Jonathan's hand slid across his stomach, his fingers pressing gently into Steve's hipbone, thumb stroking a broad semicircle above it.

He felt safe. He felt secure. Anchored between them, he let sleep pull him down again.

Author's Note:

titled after impossible soul by sufjan stevens.

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